

CHARIVARIA.

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia has been raised to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet in both the British and German navies. We understand that in time of war he would take a command in each on alternate days.

"MR. BALFOUR," says *The Daily News*, "has sunk beneath the notice of honourable men." Some of these honourable men (like *Brutus*, who was an honourable man) are very short-sighted.

It was rather hard on the London Hippodrome, which, with great enterprise, showed us seventy polar bears afloat, that it should have been so soon eclipsed by the immersion of an entire Zoo at Paris. In these circumstances it is more than creditable that the Hippodrome should be lending itself for a performance in aid of the Relief Fund.

The only animal, by-the-by, who lost his life in the flood was the giraffe. The silly creature apparently imagined he was a lighthouse, and refused to budge from the water.

"The Rue Royale is entirely roped off. The shops do not even dress their windows," said an account of the Paris inundation. This was natural enough. One does not dress when one is about to have a bath.

One effect of the flood was to plunge Paris into darkness, and a cheerful idiot now writes to ask why Noah's Ark Lamps were not used.

"THE KAISER.

HONOURS FOR DR. BODE AND THE HEAD OF KRUPP'S."

Surely this should have been "Dr. Bode and the Head of R. COCKLE LUCAS?"

Certain art-lovers are congratulating themselves on the decision arrived at by one of our Borough Councils in regard to a proposal as to illuminated advertisements. The scheme was rejected on the ground that it would injure the appearance of the lamp-posts. For ourselves, we should not worry about that.

À propos of the Library censorship, a

subscriber writes to *The Observer* to complain that the name of "Mr. Augustus de Morgan, who is generally held to be of some account in modern literature," does not appear in Messrs. MUDIE's monthly list. Surely it is a yet graver scandal if the name of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN does not figure there?

Meanwhile we cannot help thinking that, in view of the fact that the libraries have censored *The Unaccounted Cost*, by MARY GAUNT, the publishers would do

Hindu who is charged with killing an English collector has expressed "his sincere regret" for the crime comes the news that he has been committed for trial on a charge of murder. The action of the magistrate seems more than a little brutal after such a handsome apology, and we venture to express the opinion that it would have been impossible had certain pro-Hindus still been Members of Parliament.

Bad news for boating men (received as we go to press):—"It is impossible now to float even an outrigger in the streets of Paris."

Lloydgeorgiana.

Close on the heels of *The Daily Mail* Representative, Our Own Special Cabinet Beag'e has been tracking the CHANCELLOR all about the Côte d'Azur, in the hope of picking up anything that might throw light on the situation.

On Thursday, playing off from the first tee at Cagnes, Mr. MASTERMAN drove to mid-on.

"A bad pull," he remarked. "Let us all pull together," said the CHANCELLOR, and put in a strong shot in the direction of cover-point.

"A big slice," remarked the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

"I have always had my fair share of the cake," was the CHANCELLOR's witty retort.

At the fifth tee Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S ball rose like a rocket.

"Rather lofty," observed Mr. MASTERMAN.

"Like my character and aims," replied the CHANCELLOR modestly.

Yesterday Mr. GEORGE visited the Casino at Monte Carlo. After watching one of the roulette tables for the best part of an hour, he turned away, saying, "This seems to be a game of chance."

From a poem in *The Idler* (U.S.A.):

"Indignant at the godlet's tale,
She hastened to protest to Zeus,
(Her angry cheek was scarce so pale
When naughty Hector biffed Aneas)."

The biffing of Aneas by Hector we do not remember, but of course we all know dear old Ze-us.

"HOW TO DEAL WITH THE LORDS.

SPURS IN TRAINING."

"Morning Leader" poster.

Stamping on them seems to be the idea.



Policeman (to whom Old Lady has been complaining of the destruction of her flower-beds). "PERHAPS IT'S BIRDS, MUM!"
Old Lady (sharply). "TUT, TUT; MORE LIKE TWO-LEGGED BIRDS!"

well to inform the public that they have now counted the cost and copies of the book may be obtained for six shillings.

A new game for girls has been invented, entitled Goalo. It is described as being football without roughness, and is evidently the very antithesis of the Suffragettes' favourite game, Goalo.

By-the-by, Mr. EUSTACE MILES mentions as one of the advantages of the game the fact that it develops the feet. But, asks a French admirer, do the feet of English girls need developing?

Close upon the statement that the

THE WAITING GAME.

[Mr. BALFOUR to Mr. ASQUITH, during the latter's recent retreat under Lord RENDEL's roof on the Riviera.]

MY HERBERT, I have marked with much emotion
How round your precious head blows every wind,
Like Æolus, his pack, let loose on Ocean—
The Lib, the Lab, the Soc, the Nat, the Ind;
Enough to make your hair
Go by the roots and leave the summit bare.

While you're away, supposed to be enjoying
A little azure sea for private ends,
I can conceive of nothing more annoying
Than to be lectured by such lots of friends,
All giving loud advice
In all directions; no, it can't be nice.

The gallant RENDEL, with a two-edged sword on,
Patrols his villa (ah, these splendid Peers!),
Prepared, behind a military cordon,
To slit the office-seeker's nose or ears;
Nevertheless I doubt
If all his care can keep the papers out.

Your Liberal prints (myself, I never read 'em,
But each, I'm told, intends to be your guide)
Must play Old Harry with your judgment's freedom
Once they have dodged the guards and got inside;
Telling you things to do,
And what comes first, and which is No. 2.

Well, if you lack for honest sympathisers
To give your harried heart a little ease;
If, in the multitude of your advisers,
There's none that whispers, "Go what way you
please;"

Strange though it seem to be
I can assure you, you may count on me.

I have no wish, not I, to speed your exit;
Don't think I envy you your pride of place;
I'm in no sort of hurry to annex it,
Needing a year or so for breathing-space;
So I shall use no guile
Not for the present, not just yet awhile.

Time is required for you to make fresh errors,
And me to test my newly-mustered ranks,
To preach the food-tax and disperse the terrors
Due to that gospel down in Yorks and Lanes;
I own—and I'm no dunce—
I failed to grasp its beauty all at once.

So for a bit I'll bide my hour *in statu*.
Meanwhile, if any section, one or more,
Of your assorted crew gets up and at you,
I'll come and save your skin across the floor;
Trust me, I will not stand
And see you perish—till it suits my hand. O. S.

A Baboo proudly quotes the following testimonial:—

"Nazir Ahmed Baboo has been a Baker and Confectioner for 12 years. He is a thoroughly capable bear and understand his merly in all its detail. His bread and cakes are hard and best."

Another Master Baker says of him, "His bread and cake were well liked and never a complement."

FOR BOTH PARTIES. *Vox Populi, vox Dei*—The voice of the
People is the voice of those north } of the Dee (Chester).
south }

THE RUBBER EPIDEMIC.

I AM, he said, a very miserable man. My life has become a burden to me. I dread the dawn of every day. I never open a paper without wincing; I never see a postman without shuddering. How long it will continue I cannot think; but let me tell you.

Three months ago I did a foolish thing. It was not wicked; it was merely foolish; but the consequences have been awful. I did not think at the time that it was even foolish; merely perhaps a little impulsive, and yet a thing that anyone might do. I will tell you what it was: I bought thirty shares in a rubber company. Some one—I know now an enemy, but thought then a friend—advised me to do so. They would go up, he said, in the casual way in which so much of life's evil is done. So I bought them—a mere thirty, and should have forgotten all about them had circumstances permitted.

How many things one can do secretly in this London of ours I have never counted; but this is certain, that one cannot buy thirty shares in a rubber company and expect the news not to leak out. What the organisation may be I know not, but it seems to be perfect for spreading such, as you might think, trivial and unimportant tidings. Some herald, I take it, carries round the information, "Mr. Blank, of Dash Street, has bought thirty shares in the Pandamanan Rubber Co.!"

This announcement falls apparently on very greedy ears, designed, one imagines, and kept open and alert for nothing else in the world; for the next day what do I receive but the prospectus of the Ponkalong Rubber Co.! This is rather odd, I thought, coming so soon after the last, but I dismissed it as an ordinary chance of life. On returning home in the evening I found, however, another long envelope containing the prospectus of the Boomoo Rubber Co. The next morning came that of the Bandarman Rubber Co., and the next evening the Antananarivo Rubber Co.

What has come to the world? I wondered. Where is all this rubber to go when it is made? Are we in future to eat rubber? Is rubber to be our only wear? Still asking myself these questions, I opened two more long envelopes and revealed the allurements of the Singalay Rubber Co. and the Guava Rubber Co.

They were all alike in two respects: no matter how distant the plantations, all offered unparalleled opportunities to the investor, and all wanted my money. Why they should conclude so spontaneously that because I had idiotically (as I now began to know) ventured upon thirty shares in the Pandamanan Rubber Co., I had therefore spare cash for every other Rubber Co. existing, I have no idea; but they did. That was eleven weeks ago, and every post since has brought me (I swear I do not exaggerate) new Rubber prospectuses. I no longer open them; I throw them instinctively into the waste-paper basket.

But the situation provokes statistical reflections. I believe that if all the prospectuses of all the Rubber Companies that have come to me since the fatal moment when I first took the wrong turning were spread out they would cover Lord's Cricket-ground. I believe that if all their capitals were added together they would more than pay the National Debt. I believe that if all the directors were gathered together they would fill Holloway Prison. I believe that if all the promises of wealth were collated they would be found to contain exactly the same words.

I believe— But I am tired of the subject. I hate rubber. I can't bear to see a motor-car, because of its tyres; I can't bear to see a policeman, because of his soles; I can't bear to see an artist, because of his eraser. It is nothing to me that my thirty shares have gone up; I have done with rubber for ever.

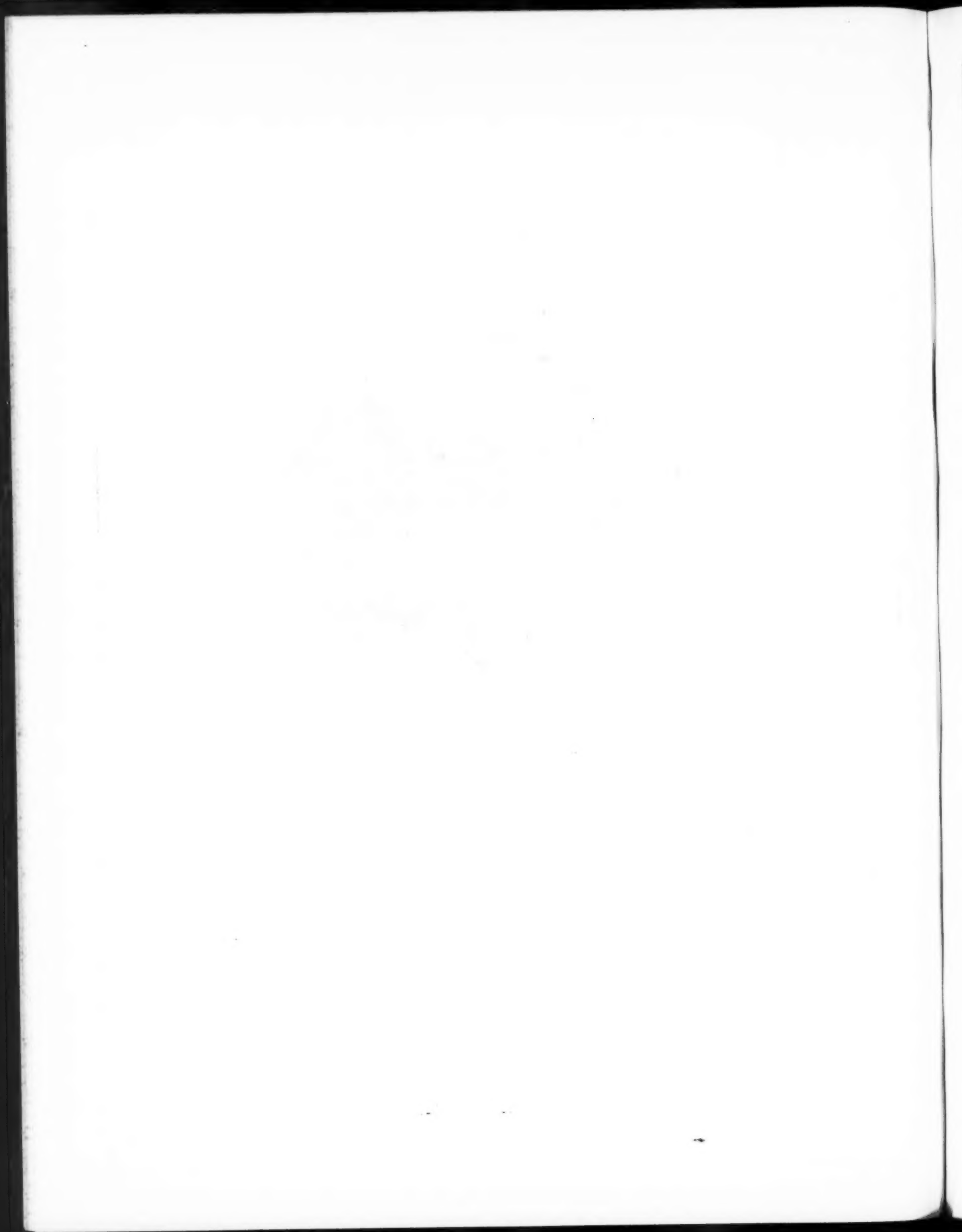


HORSELESS HALDANE.

THE WAR MINISTER. "A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"

Richard the Third, Act V., Scene 4.

[At a Conference held last Wednesday it was arranged to promote a Bill in Parliament to prevent the exportation of horses likely to be required for the Army's use, the present supply being altogether inadequate.]





AN ECHO OF ELECTION DAY.

Sybil (decorated with Unionist colours, indignantly to Nurse). "NURSE, IT IS PERFECTLY ABSURD FOR BABY TO WEAR BLUE! HE CANNOT POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND ANYTHING ABOUT THE ELECTION!"

A RAMSHACKLE ROOM.

WHEN the gusts are at play with the trees on the lawn,
And the lights are put out in the vault of the night;
When within all is snug, for the curtains are drawn,
And the fire is aglow and the lamps are alight,
Sometimes, as I muse, from the place where I am
My thoughts fly away to a room near the Cam.

'Tis a ramshackle room, where a man might complain
Of a slope in the ceiling, a rise in the floor;
With a view on a court and a glimpse on a lane,
And no end of cool wind through the chinks of the door;
With a deep-seated chair that I love to recall,
And some groups of young oarsmen in shorts on the wall.

There's a fat jolly jar of tobacco, some pipes—
A meerschlaum, a briar, a cherry, a clay—
There's a three-handled cup fit for Audit or Swipes
When the breakfast is done and the plates cleared away.
There's a litter of papers, of books a scratch lot,
Such as *Plato*, and *Dickens*, and *Liddell and Scott*.

And a crone in a bonnet that's more like a rag
From a mist of remembrance steps suddenly out;
And her funny old tongue never ceases to wag
As she tidies the room where she bustles about;

For a man may be strong and a man may be young,
But he can't put a drag on a Bedmaker's tongue.

And, oh, there's a youngster who sits at his ease
In the hope, which is vain, that the tongue may run down,
With his feet on the grate and a book on his knees,
And his cheeks they are smooth and his hair it is brown.
Then I sigh myself back to the place where I am
From that ramshackle room near the banks of the Cam.

"YOUTH (18) wants SIT. on Band Knife, slight experience."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Luckily this is a profession in which staying power is more important than experience.

"Grandfather's clock; splendid timekeeper; bargain; going abroad."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The question is, will it go at home?

"DIRTY CANARY wanted for the A.O.S. Washing Demonstration, Trades Hall, Friday, 8 p.m."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.
Never throw away anything; somebody may want it.

"MR. RUFUS ISAACS, M.P., amid cheers, stood upon the nos'rum."—*Survey Times*.
And that was the end of Tariff Reform.

THE RABBITS.

[Second Series.]

CHAPTER V.—THE NIGHT.

THE play was a great success; I know, because many of the audience told me so afterwards. Had they but guessed what was going on behind the scenes, the congratulations would have been even more enthusiastic. For as near as a touch we had to drop the egg-proof curtain and hand the money back.

I am going to give you the opening scene as it was actually said—not as it was heard across the footlights—and then you will understand. As you may remember, the *Ratcatcher* (Me) and the *Maid* (Myra) take the stage first, and they introduce themselves in the usual way to the audience and each other. The scene is the palace of the *Emperor Bong* (Simpson). Very well then.

Maid (sweetly). Truly his Majesty is a handsome man, and I wonder not that his people love him.

Ratcatcher (rather nervous). Thou surpriest me. I saw him in the wings—in the winter garden just now, that is to say anon, and thought him plain. But hush, here he comes.

[*They salaam, or whatever you call it, and stay there.*]

Ratcatcher (still salaaming). What's the silly ass waiting for? I can't stick this much longer; the blood's all going to my head like anything.

Maid (in a similar position). He must have forgotten his cue. Can't you say, "Hush, here he comes," again?

Ratcatcher. I can't say anything out loud in this position. Do you think I might come up for a breath?

Maid (loudly). His Majesty tarries.

Ratcatcher (sotto voce). He does. You've got it.

Maid. Whatever shall we do? Do think of something.

Ratcatcher. Well, I'm going to rise to the surface. I'm tired of being a submarine. [*They both stand up.*]

Maid (brilliantly). Perchance it was a rat we heard and not his Majesty.

Ratcatcher (with equal brilliance). Fear not, fair damsel. Behold, I will investigate. [*Proceeds to back of stage.*]

Archie (from wings). Come off, you idiot.

Ratcatcher (always the gentleman—to *Maid*). Tarry a while, my heart, what time I seek assistance. [*Exit.*]

Maid (confidentially to audience—to keep the thing going). Truly he is a noble youth, though he follows a lowly profession. 'Tis not the apparel that proclaims the man. Methinks . . .

Me (annoyed). Who's an idiot?

Archie. Didn't you see me wink? That ass Simpson's banged his nose against a door-post and is bleeding like

a pig. Says it's because he hadn't got his spectacles.

Me. More likely the champagne.

Archie. They're dropping keys down his back as hard as they can. Will you and Myra gag a bit, till he's ready?

Me (excitedly). My good fool, how on earth—

Myra (coming to back of stage). But behold he returns! [*Frouns imperiously.*]

Ratcatcher (coming on again very unwillingly). Ah, fair maid, 'tis thee. I bring thee good tidings. I met one in the ante-room, a long-legged scurvy fellow, who did tell me that his Majesty was delayed on some business.

Maid. That must have been his Conjuror—I know him well. (*Aside*) What's happened?

Ratcatcher. Let us then rest a while, an it please thee. (*Seizing her by the arm.*) Over here. That ass Simpson's hurt himself. We've got to amuse the audience till he's finished bleeding.

Maid (sitting down, with her back to audience). I say, is it really serious?

Ratcatcher. Not for him; it is for us. Now then, talk away.

Maid. Er—h'm. (*Coyly*) Wilt not tell me of thy early life, noble sir—how thou didst become a catcher of rats?

Ratcatcher (disgusted). You coward! (*Aloud*) Nay, rather let me hear of thine own life. (*Aside*) Scored.

Maid. That's not fair. I asked you first. (*Modestly*) But I am such a little thing, and you are so noble a youth.

Ratcatcher. True. (*Having a dash at it.*) 'Twas thus. My father, when I was yet a child, didst—did—no, didst—apprentice me to a salad binger—

Maid (with interest). How dost one bing salads?

Ratcatcher (curtly). Ballad singer. And I would frequent the market-place at noon, singing catches and glees, and receiving from the entranced populace divers coins, curses, bricks, and other ornaments. One morn, as I was embarked upon a lovely ballad, "*Place me amidst the young gazelles*," I was seized right suddenly from behind. (*Bored to death.*) I'm sick of this. We're supposed to be amusing the audience.

Maid. Oh, go on, I'm getting awfully excited.

Emperor (audibly, from green-room). Confound it, it's begun again.

Executioner (bitterly). And to think that I spent hours putting red ink on my axe!

Maid (with great presence of mind). What's that? Surely that was a rat?

Ratcatcher (greatly relieved). It was. (*Getting up.*) Let's have Archie on, and see if he can amuse them a bit more. (*Aloud*) I must finish my tale anon.

Stay here, sweet child, what time I fetch my trusty terrier. [*Exit.*]

Maid. 'Tis a strange story he tells.

How different from my own simple life! Born of proud but honest parents . . .

Archie. What's up? Stick to it.

Me. Have you got such a thing as a trusty terrier on you?

Archie. Don't be an ass.

Me. Well, the audience will be extremely disappointed if I don't bring one back. I practically promised them I would. Look here, why don't you come on and help? Everybody is getting horribly bored with us.

Archie (delighted). Oh, all right.

Enter Ratcatcher and Conjuror.

Maid. But behold he returns again!

Ratcatcher (excitedly). Great news, fair lady, which this long-legged scurvy fellow I told you of will impart to us.

Maid. Why, 'tis the Conjuror. Have you news for us, Sir?

Conjuror (with no illusions about the Oriental style). Absolutely stop press. What is it you want to know? Racing? The Bong selling plate was won by Proboscis, McSimp up. Immense enthusiasm. Bank rate unchanged—quite right this cold weather. Excuse me a moment, Sir, your moustache is coming off . . . No, the left wing—allow me to lend you a postage-stamp. Do you prefer red or green?

Maid (biting her lip). Will you not give us news of the Emperor?

Conjuror. I will. His Majesty I as met with a severe accident whilst out hunting this morning, being bitten by a buffalo.

Maid. Alas, what will my mistress say?

Conjuror. She has already said everything that was necessary. Her actual words were, "Just like Bong."

Ratcatcher (seizing the opportunity). His Majesty ordered me to meet him here at noon. Methinks I had better withdraw and return anon.

[*Makes off hurriedly.*]

Conjuror (seizing him). Not so. He bade me command you to stay and sing to us. [*Sensation.*]

Ratcatcher (huskily). Alas, I have forgotten my voice—that is, I have left my music at home. I will go and fetch it.

[*Has another dash.*]

Conjuror. Stay! Listen!

[*They all listen.*]

Simpson (in wings). Thanks, thanks, that will be all right now. Oh no, quite, thanks. Oh, is this your key? Thanks, thanks. No, it doesn't matter about the other ones; they don't feel at all uncomfortable, thanks. Yes, I think it really did stop it, thanks.

Conjuror. I'm off. (*Aloud*) His Majesty has regained consciousness. [*Exit.*]

Simpson (apologetically). Oh, Archie, I've got the billiard-room key in my—

Ratcatcher (very loudly to *Maid*). Hush, here he comes!

[*They salaam. Enter the Emperor Bong . . .* A. A. M.]



VIE DE BOHÈME.

Painter. "THERE GOES THE CARAFE, HANG IT! AND IT 'LL MAKE A NASTY CLEAN PATCH ON THE FLOOR."

THE LOST ACTOR.

[A Chicago showman has offered £50 reward for the discovery and return of a performing flea which has vanished from his troupe.]

WHETHER of wounded pride you felt the pain,
Failing to earn the meed of men's applause,
I cannot at this distance o'er the main
Exactly tell; it may have been the cause;
Or possibly they billed you far too low,
And angered, till he left the cast in choler,
One who by rights was boss of all the show,
Its HICKS, its BEERDORN TREE, its BARD, its WALLER.

But anyhow you skipped; and was it wise
To leave the lamps of Drama and forsake
The cultured sets that counted you a prize,
Merely to keep some Philistine awake?
O nimble-footed sprite! O Ariel!
Why did you quit your company of stormers
To front a frowning world that cannot tell
Nocturnal visitants from star performers?

If haply (forced by hunger) you should fare
Into some strange inhospitable crib,
Have you the mime's expression and his air,
The speaking optic and the tongue that's glib?
Yours is no mantle of the furry sort,
No ebon cane, no eyeglass, and no ringlet,
Nothing to prove divinity, in short,
And advertise (when off) the mummer-kinglet.

They shall not know you by your sad sweet smile,
Your haggard countenance, but merely keep

Hunting you up and down with anxious guile
Because you come to mar their beauty sleep;
'Tis likely you will fall, with none to say
That this poor fretted shape imparted rapture
(The Hamlet of some Lilliputian play)
To crowded houses nightly, ere his capture.

This only I may hope, that, when you bound
In sweet *insouciance* to plant a kiss
On some prone sleeper, he will turn him round,
Saying, "No amateur could prance like this;"
And, when the chase is o'er (you shall not stem
The march of doom for aye, however gallant),
Utter above your grave this requiem:—
"He was an artist; he had genuine talent."

"At Hallmyre, West Linton, at 7 a.m., the thermometer stood at 12 degrees below freezing point—20 degrees of frost."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

This is called a "Scotch record" and sounds like it.

From Saturday's instalment:—

"The girl drew a deep breath . . . etc., etc. Then she turned to him with a brave smile on her lips.

(To be continued on Monday.)"

Daily Mail.

How could she smile all Sunday?

"A man knows a man is in love with her long before he is aware of it himself. Except, perhaps, in this one circumstance—when she herself is in love with somebody else. And this is a highly important circumstance."—*Ideas.*

A strange thing is love.

OUR BOY.

NOT to be outdone by *The Evening News* and the highly variegated and gratuitous exploits which its "Man," Mr. ARTHUR GOODE, is daily and nightly performing on behalf of our contemporary's readers, Mr. *Punch* has recently bought a Boy, and has been overwhelmed with a rush of applications for his services. He is an extremely intelligent and versatile Scout, as will be gathered from his first six days' programme. As yet barely twelve years of age, he has outgrown his position as Patrol Leader of the Wolves, and has decided to devote his talents to a more universal use. We have purchased our small Factotum for a mere song, but, before exhausting his capabilities we confidently expect that the bright little fellow will have solved most of the problems which are now perplexing society. He confesses, however, his inability to make a North Country audience understand what Tariff Reform really *does* mean, and to render the present comet visible from Bouverie St. Subject to these limitations, we give a short diary of his engagements for the coming week:—

Monday.—To a day's charring for a bed-ridden countess. In the evening, draw up the King's Speech for Mr. ASQUITH, and help to rearrange the Cabinet.

Tuesday.—Before breakfast, test a gas-meter for an over-worked curate. Morning, teach a defeated Radical Candidate how not to be a "bad loser." Afternoon, convert Lady BLOUNT to the globular theory of the earth (tough job, this). Later, cure a young lady of chilblains and do up the back fastenings of her dress for dinner. Evening, edit *The Times* and put it to bed.

Wednesday.—Photo Mr. McKENNA's hair, and investigate cause of Paris floods. Offer suggestions for further postponement of *Chantecler*, and later in the afternoon adjust differences between Turkey and Greece. Invent a new motto for the KAISER to put up in his bedroom, and persuade a Suffragette to give up the silly practice of chalking the pavement.

Thursday.—From 10.0 to 1.0 reconcile Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN and Mr. JOHN REDMOND. In the early afternoon relieve bow in the Cambridge Eight and find Dr. COOK. Devise a musical instrument to represent hair standing on end in STRAUSS's *Elektra*. After dinner, help Mr. EUSTACE MILES digest a pumpkin soufflé.

Friday.—Give advice to Curzon Street crossing-sweeper on development of his pitch. Afterwards, conduct a Labour Exchange, and explain to delighted crowd how twenty-five jobs are to be dis-

tributed among five thousand claimants. Run down to Sainford Old Manor and assist the POET LACRETE in his latest ode with a new rhyme to "throistle." After dinner, give lessons to Messrs. LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON CHURCHILL on "Meiosis and Litotes, or the Art of Understatement."

Saturday.—Regulate the traffic in Piccadilly, and act as understudy to Mr. TROUTBECK at an inquest. After lunch, regulate the traffic, i.e. referee, in a football match, and subsequently visit hospital.

It will be seen that Our Boy has a pleasantly varied time of it, but that he conscientiously avoids taking girls to skating rinks, or assisting at concerts and fancy-dress balls. Applications for his assistance should be sent to the *Punch* office, marked "Boy."

ZIGZAG.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

LET the maiden of ambition listen well

While I tell

Of a lady who arose to sudden fame

From a wild desire to shine

In the literary line;

She is quite a friend of mine,

All the same.

Knowing nothing of the labour of the pen,

There and then

She determined, in a sunny way she had,

That she never would depart

From the highest form of Art,

Which, considered as a start,

Wasn't bad.

Much uplifted by that laudable intent,

Off she went

To attain to fame and fortune at a stroke,

And in time produced a book

Which the public wouldn't look

At, and all the critics took

As a joke.

Did she cry aloud in horror? Did she tear

Off her hair?

Did the disappointment stab her like a

dart?

Not a bit of it. She said,

She was far above the head

Of a mob who never read

Works of Art.

As an Artist, to be slighted by the crowd

Made her proud;

And she begged to be permitted to

suggest

That, as long as sales were low,

That was all she cared to know;

And the multitude could go

And be blest.

But she made a second effort. And be-

hold

It was sold

By the thousand, by the million! And

she struck

(To the undisputed gloom

Of her rivals) on a boom

That should last her to the tomb,

Given luck.

Every year (when Christmas present time is due)

Something new

Will be offered from her never-failing store;

And the universal mob

Gives a sympathetic throb,

And, with something like a sob,

Asks for more.

There are cavillers who sneer at her technique

(Which is weak)

And her style (which it is easy to assail),

But it's credibly averred

That her powers are never stirred

Save at half-a-crown a word,

On the nail.

And, if questioned on the cause of her success,

She'll confess

That her victory is merely what she owes

(Putting genius quite apart)

To the Public's love of Art,

For the Public (bless its heart!)

Always knows.

DUM-DUM.

OPERATIC NOTES.

THE programme of Mr. Oliver Codling's forthcoming Grand Opera season is remarkable for its catholicity. It will include *Parsifal*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Fidelio*, *The Merry Devil*, *Tristan and Isolde* and STRAUSS's *Electrocuta*—the last-named subject to the approval of the Censor. Besides these standard works Mr. Codling hopes to produce *A Suburban Hamlet* by Mr. Archie Pelago, the famous Anglo-Hellenic composer; *Ulat Tanalarezul*, an Etruscan Fantasy-opera by Mr. Quantock de Banville; and *Jack the Ripper*, a grand opéra comique by Mr. Ole Brok.

Some notion of the initial difficulties to be faced by Mr. Codling may be gathered from the fact that each performance of *The Suburban Hamlet* will cost £2,000, irrespective of the composer's fee for conducting his work, which is £500 a night. Again, for M. de Banville's work the orchestra will be increased to 200 performers, while in Mr. Ole Brok's masterpiece no fewer than 1,200 instrumentalists will be employed, including 300 contrabass bulbophones with reciprocating nozzles and Harveyised packet-flanges.

But the preliminary outgoings reach their high-water mark in the case of *Electrocuta*, where the inspissated gloom of the story and the appalling display

of blood-boltered ferocity in the last Act render it necessary for the management to retain the services of a whole army of medical men, ambulance bearers and nurses to attend to the needs of the terrified spectators. Sir Hector Parsley, Bart., the famous brain specialist, will attend every performance at a fee of one thousand guineas a night, and it is hoped that his mere presence will exert a restraining influence on neurotic auditors.

The team of artists already engaged challenges attention, not merely for the talent of the singers but their widely different nationalities, viz., Mesdames Cara Cass, Materna Seigel, Maria Joly, Camma Miles, Varalette Archdeacon, and Pallida Pinker, sopranos; Mesdames Casta Royal, Sanna Tojen (the famous Finnish artist), Milka Metchnikoff and Plasma Tabb-Lloyd, contraltos; MM. Sidney Doan and S. M. Kaps-Yule, tenors; and MM. Pulvermacher, Gallipoteaux and Barbroux, basses.

Some personal particulars relating to these redoubtable artists will perhaps be of interest to our readers. Madame Materna Seigel, who is of Bessarabian extraction, is a woman of colossal build and Amazonian physique. Her shrieks in the death-scene, as STRAUSS once generously observed, are more like the cries of an inspired macaw than those of a human being. Even in private life hers is a formidable personality, and DEBUSSY is reported to have said that she reminded him of a mammoth who had swallowed a peacock.

Madame Camma Miles is another singer of Titanic proportions, and her fore-arm is quite the finest on the lyric stage. For fifty years her voice has caused indescribable emotions in the hearts of the *habitués* of the Grand Opera at Odessa. Madame Pallida Pinker is a superb Californian *brunette*, and Madame Varalette Archdeacon, who was born at Varallo, is noted for the exquisite effervescing quality of her high notes. Madame Milka Metchnikoff studied successively under Herr Sauer and Dr. Bacillin, the famous Russian voice-producer. She has a Grecian profile and belongs to the sect of the Doukhobors. On the other hand, Madame Sanna Tojen is a Mennonite with Bollandist preclivities, while Mr. Kaps-Yule affects the Palatinoid heresy.

Another operative venture which is exciting deep interest is that of Signor Fabiani Mercanzia, who announces a short season at the Imperial Theatre. The remarkable, indeed unique, feature of this enterprise is that only one opera will be performed and only one vocalist



Squire's Daughter. "Well, GILES, I HOPE YOU VOTED FOR MY FATHER?"

Giles. "I DID INDEED, MISS. I PUT THE BIGGEST CROSS AGIN 'IS NAME AS EVER WAS."

will appear, who is also the composer and librettist. The name of the work is *Egoismo Imperiale*, and the versatile genius who, by liberal resort to the method of quick changes, will sustain all the principal parts is Signor Riccardo Giebbo. Full particulars will shortly be published in the columns of Signor Fabiani Mercanzia's journal, the *Corriere della Mattina*.

Commercial Candour.

From the Catalogue of a Glasgow firm: "Notable Money-Saving Opportunities are apparent in the Towel Section. To Start with.—We are giving away 100 Dozen splendid Heavy Huck Towels, with hemstitched ends for 6s. 11d. per half-dozen; worth to-day 8s. 6d. per dozen."

The Towel Section is starting well.

RINK WITH ME ONLY.

(After Ben Jonson.)

RINK with me only with thine eyes,
And do not clutch my frame;
Clasp yonder expert's hand instead,
And I'll not press my claim.
This form that from the floor doth rise,
Sick of the rotten game,
Was gallant once, but now is dead
To chivalry and shame!

Though I shall never cease to ache,
Dear heart, for love of thee,
And though thy guide, come weal or woe,
Through life I meant to be,
Another better man must take
The hand thou gavest me;
Unclasp me now, beloved; go!
And set thy Harold free.



MY LORD BOUNTIFUL.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (who has just given a penny to Miss A., of Park Lane, who is selling "Votes for Women"). "No, no, KEEP THE PAPER, MY GOOD WOMAN, KEEP THE PAPER!"

TO A SURVIVING CRANK M.P.

SOME things there are without whose aid machines will never go,
For Science plainly tells us this and surely she must know.
The simple automatic toy, the big machine that clanks,
What do we find in all of them? Can no one guess? Why,
cranks!

The principles of politics are scientific too,
Our great machine of state must act as other engines do,
And so it's only natural to find within the ranks
Of those returned to Parliament all sorts and kinds of cranks.

Its fundamental parts removed, the engine falls to bits,
And then no means of running it is known to human wits.
To those electors, then, we owe our curses, not our thanks,
Who pilfered from our Parliament its most essential cranks.

Our COTTON and our RUTHERFORD, our loved and lost LEIF
JONES;
Gone is their priceless counsel, hushed their highly moral
tones.

I shouldn't be surprised to see the Thames o'erflow its banks
With all the tears of sorrow for our poor defeated cranks.

Illustrious Survivor of the dark, disastrous fray,
Thank Providence that you at least are with us still to-day;
That, though your comrades old and true are smitten hip and
flank,
Most rare, most precious, still remains one last and lonely
crank!

Bear up, brave heart—though Chatterjees and Luptons low
are laid,
Though all (*pro tem.*) seems desolate, though we have been
betrayed,
Depend upon it, soon will rise to fill the aching blanks
From out our newly-made M.P.'s yet more and deadlier cranks!

The Resurrection of a Riddle.

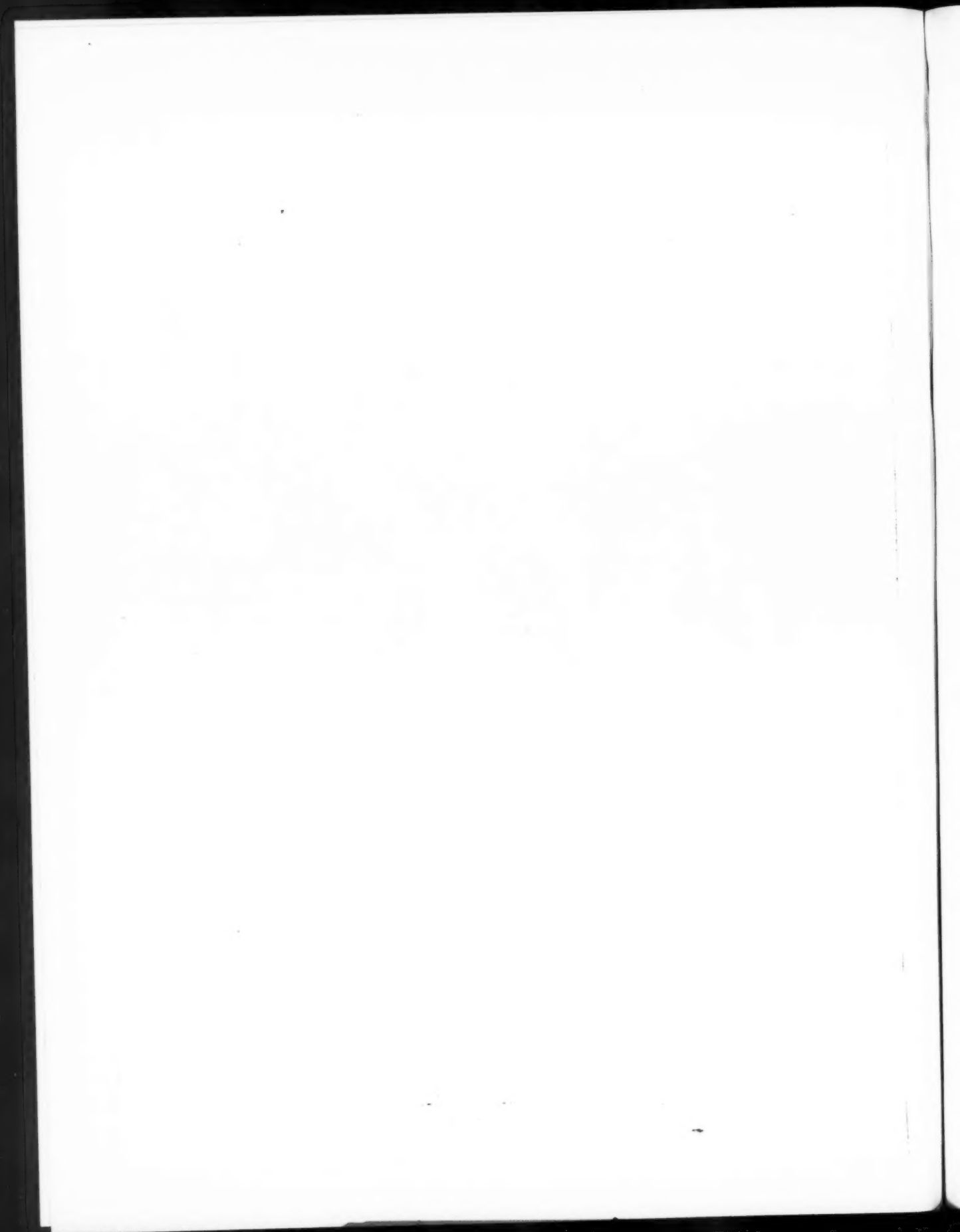
A correspondent sends us the following extract from the February number of *The Contemporary Review*:—"Troubles and rumours of troubles in the confused world of international politics ushered in the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century." He also sends us a letter of seven closely-written sheets pointing out that 1911 will be the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century. He adds that it is difficult to prove this in a brief letter, but that he will be pleased to write an article on the subject so that we may place the truth before our readers. He goes on to make unkindly references to the intellectual condition of an editor who permits such a gross misstatement to appear in his review.

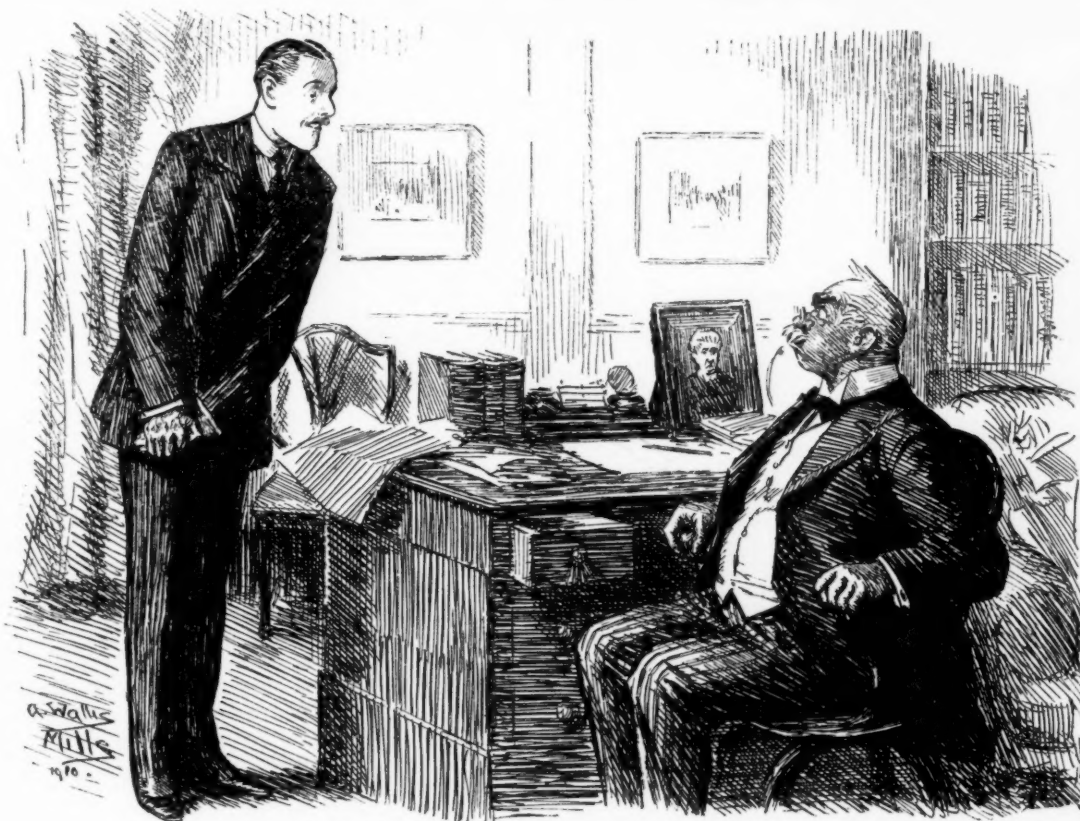
The question of the exact date of the beginning of the century is one of those great questions which have ceased to move us deeply. We had quite enough of it, one way and another, in 1900, and hoped the matter was ended; and we don't want any articles or correspondence whatever about this hoary riddle. We may add that if people would call the year simply "1910," instead of "the first year of the second decade of the twentieth century," a lot of trouble would be avoided.



A PLAGUE OF VOICES.

[The Prime Minister has been staying at Cannes for a little rest and change.]





Nervous Suitor. "I—ER—WISH TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR!"

Parent. "WELL, MY BOY, HADN'T YOU BETTER SEE HER MOTHER FIRST?"

Nervous Suitor. "I HAVE, SIR, AND—ER—ER—I STILL WISH TO MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER."

GOOD NEWS FOR PATRIOTS.

EVERY one really interested in the well-being, intellectual and political, of Londoners will be delighted to hear that another music-hall larger than any at present existing in Great Britain is now in course of construction at a cost of £200,000 for variety entertainments twice daily.

This is as it should be, and the promoters' patriotic efforts to get frivolity into a people that otherwise might be doing themselves harm by thought cannot be too highly applauded. More particularly should they be thanked for the wise boon of a regular afternoon performance, coming at a time, as it does, when so many persons are tempted to weary, if not positively injure, themselves with work.

A country isolated and protected, as we are, by that great natural rampart the sea, is in a position different in every respect from a continental nation with no such advantage. Were we to be told, for example, that Berlin was adding to its present inconsiderable number of

places of entertainment a new music-hall vaster than anything already existing in Germany, we should shake our heads in some anxiety and disapproval. For Germany has no physical guarantees of immunity from attack, such as we have, and therefore it behoves her to think rather of technical schools and gymnasiums, rifle clubs and studios—ness.

Again, France would be ill-advised to overdo recreation and live entirely on the memory of greatness, with her frontier so beset by Teutonic guards. But a nation like ourselves, which is at the top of the tree and so obviously the darling of the gods, may be permitted its hours of ease in very considerable profusion; we have indeed earned them.

It is therefore that such an announcement as this concerning the new music-hall for Oxford Circus, capable of holding its thousands every afternoon and evening (to be opened next September), fills us with satisfaction. London needs all the gaiety it can know, the total of music-halls at this moment being so small—only thirty-six in London proper

and thirteen in the suburbs, with a beggarly forty-six theatres in London and twelve in the suburbs, not to mention a poor sprinkling of skating rinks and cinematograph-halls in addition.

If we had a criticism to make, it would be that morning performances should be given too—beginning, say, at eleven, when work often is getting so tiresome; but even such a suggestion as that is ungrateful when we recollect what this new enterprise really means.

One word more. Mr. GIBBONS, the benefactor who is preparing for London the new hall, is at present, he says, in doubt whether to call it "The Palladium" or "The Arena." Both names are excellent; but would not "The Lotus" or "The Siren" be even better?

From a Girls' School Examination:

Q. Explain the following passage:—

"Those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of Great Elizabeth."

A. Songs that Queen ELIZABETH used to write in her spare time.

ON THE RANK.

(Growler speaks.)

III.

Yuss, you meets some queer cards. A nole lidy ires me by the hour last Sunday. You know 'ow we likes that, an' I does the usual funeral crawl, o' course. "Do 'urry up a bit," she says at last. "Cawn't," I says; "my 'orse don't fink it decent to be fast on Sundays." "All right," says the old geyser in a pet, "I don't mind. It'll only 'urt you. The hour'll take you all the longer!" Laugh—I thought I should ha' bust!

Them lides! There was a stout party with a fice enough to make a motor-keb shy come up to me wiv a little pet puddle dog as stout as 'is missus almost, an' all done up in ribbings. "I want to go to Tottinam," she says; "do you fink your 'orse could go so fur?" "That's all right, lidy," I says. Then she comes round an' 'as a look at the 'orse. "Oh," she says, "I'm sure 'e couldn't go so fur, an' I want to get 'ome quick as my little dog ain't well. Why, your 'orse is nuffink but skin an' bones." Says this afore me, an' afore the gee! At that I gives my 'orse a slash wiv the whip, an' what d'you fink 'e does? 'E runs over the puddle dog! Pure ax'dent, o' course. In fac', I 'as a fright at first, I fought 'e 'adn't done it.

And then there was the American gennerman what jumps in at the Hotel Cecil an' arsts me to drive as 'ard as I can to Li'pool Street Station as 'e got to catch a train in twenny minutes. So I flogs my old gee till me arm fair aches, and gets there with five minutes to spare. 'E pays me heighten-pence! "What's this?" I says. "Your fare," 'e says. "Yes, but look 'ow I 'urried," I says. "Well," says Stars an' Stripes, "I reckon you're ready the sooner for anuvver job—it ain't 'urt you." "You're wrong in your reckonin'," I says. "Look at my pore 'orse," I says. "Ah, I forgot 'im, pore fellow," 'e says; an' then what d'you fink 'e does? 'E goes to the 'orse's 'ead an' drops a tanner down 'is mouf, an' was gone afore I could get off my box an' make 'im see s.me of 'is stars. Yewmour again, I suppose! It's on occasions such as this that new swear-words is invented. My 'orse's

digestion ain't been the same since. No, manners ain't what they was. The public 'as no consideration for anyone's feelin's. Why, a 'bus-conductor fren' of mine told me that one day a lidy says to 'im bang outright, "Are you a Pirate?" Quite rightly 'e refused to incriminate 'isself. As a matter of fac' the public 'as more consideration for the hanimals than for us. Why, in the summer a little body comes up to me an' says, "Would you like a nice sun-bonnet for your pore 'oss?" I says, "Thank you kindly, lidy." An' my old woman's a-wearin' it now. I buys six-pennorff o' hartificial flowers, an' sticks 'em on to the 'at, an' gives it for 'er birfday, an' werry hartistic it looks! Mind you it was a kindness to the 'orse to do that. They 'ates them bonnets. The 'orse, as I said afore, is a noble

of 'em pays 'im, one on each side of the keb. An' then my fren' drives to a rank where I 'appened to be. 'E gets off 'is box an' opens the door of 'is keb, and then 'e cries, "Great Jehosophat, look 'ere!" So I goes an' looks, an' there, sprawled on the floor, habsolutely dead drunk an' hincapable, was one of the gents. "What am I to do?" asks my fren'. "What 're you to do? Why, it's puffikly clear," I says, "what you got to do. You takes 'im to Scotland Yard, an' if 'e ain't claimed wivin free munfs, 'e's yours."

Yuss, we 'as a little romance in our perfession, sometimes.

Well, it don't look as if I'm goin' to 'ave a job this arternoon. 'Owever, no matter. There's always the work'us. I shall be in good company there along o' the Dooks. Only what wiv the rheumatiz an' the bad times, it do take the sperrit out of you a bit. I was we'll known for my back-answers at one time, but now I ain't got the 'eart for rippartee. T'other day one of them great stinkin' mobusses—a Union Jack (they ought to call 'em Onion Jacks!)—runs into me an' breaks one o' my winders, an' all I says, as the glass falls, is, "Never mind, you've brought me up to date now—you've made me into an airier-cab." That's 'ow I took it. I s'pose it's hold age.

... No, no one wants the 'orse-kebs now. It's, "Sorry, I wants a taxi."

Sorry be durned! That won't keep you from starvin'. 'Owever, never mind. If the public don't want me I don't want them, 'ang 'em! ... 'Ullo, what's that? "Four-wheeler up." 'Ooray. Get on, old 'oss! 'Ere y'are, lidy!

AFTER-EFFECTS.

I.

"No, we don't worry about him," said his brother to me. "The doctors say he is quite harmless, quite happy, and perfectly sane, excepting in this one particular."

I glanced across at the mild-looking young man in the opposite corner, who smiled pleasantly to himself, and hummed a little tune, as he turned over the pages of *The Daily Telegraph* and jotted down figures in a big note-book.

"He became very enthusiastic over the Elections, and every morning made it his first business to work out how the parties stood. Thus he grew to love



SPORTS AT THE ZOO. HIGH-DIVING.

hanimal, an' 'e don't want to be made to look a second-and music-all comic.

By-the-by, I didn't tell you of a remarkable thing that 'appened to me yes'day. Such a thing never 'appened to me before. A lidy give me a tip! Or, I should say, hofferred me one. Yu-s, she 'd paid me 'er shillin', an' she says, "Wait a minute, Cabby," an' then arst me if I 'ad change of a penny! Unluckily I 'adn't, an' the hincident closed, but I 'd 'ave liked to 'ave the coin to keep as a curocity.

Yuss, it isn't ofen you 'as adventurs. A fren' of mine 'ad one about a munf ago. Free gents 'ails 'im in the 'Ay-market arter supper, and gets in. They was werry nice gents, an' afore long they stops at a pub an' arsts my fren' in, an' treats 'im very generous wiv pork wine—stands 'im almost as much as they 'as themselves. Then they gets in again, wi' difficulty, an' 'e drives 'em to their destination. They was real gennermen right up to the end, for two

that section of the newspaper where the latest figures appeared, and now, poor fellow, he misses them dreadfully, and can't get over it. He makes a cheerful best of it, however, and, failing election figures, you see, he contents himself with others."

Just then he was adding up the lines in a column, and as we watched him he proceeded to multiply them by 17,095, being the number of the issue of the paper. Turning the pages rapidly, he entered other figures in his note-book, finally casting the paper aside and adding up the grand total, which appeared to give him every satisfaction.

"I can show you something very interesting," he said, addressing me. "Do you mind counting the number of pages in this newspaper?" and he handed me his *Daily Telegraph*. The number was twenty.

"Now watch me," he said, and folding the paper in two he cut it through with his knife. "Now count the number of pages," he said triumphantly, handing me the two halves together.

"Forty," I said.

"Now you understand how twenty gains count forty on a division," he explained.

II.

Reggie was a small boy with ideas. He had read the newspapers intelligently during the Elections, and he had noted the terrible effect that could be produced by quoting what some great politician had said years ago.

Keeping his own counsel, he went to the stationer's and bought a threepenny note-book. He headed the pages as follows: "What Father said," "What Mother said," "What Beryl said," "What Tom said," leaving some dozen pages for each section.

He has already begun his entries, giving the exact date to each. In a fit of exasperation his father called out to him the other day when Reggie was strumming for his own amusement: "You must not play that piano!" Reggie has put it down, thinking that it will be useful to quote when the practising of scales seems to have no charms for him.

"I don't want you to go to church in the rain," his mother said on Sunday, when Reggie, in spite of a heavy cold, begged to be allowed to go and hear his friend the fat curate preach. It is now in the book, ready for a wet Sunday when the Vicar will hold forth. "You're a nasty boy, and I don't want you ever to play with me again," is entered under Beryl's name, and should successfully counter any appeal at an inconvenient moment; while Tom's latest offer is noted thus: "I will give my knife for one of your skates," an option which Reggie proposes to exercise when the winter is over.



Old Jarge. "THEY TALKS ABOUT FREE FOOD AND ALL THAT, BUT WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW IS, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT THIS YERE SUPPER TAX?"

LITERARY NOTE.

The latest cinematoscope device is the pictorial arrangement of short stories from the magazines, with enough explanation to make the author (should he be present) flush with pride.

The idea should spread, and indeed is spreading, a mass meeting of literary agents (who, it is well known, now far outnumber the authors) having been held in the Albert Hall to agree as to a line of policy.

As an outcome we are informed that the film-makers are hard at work preparing a strip 8,000 miles in length, or a third of the distance round the world—the longest ever made—for the adequate pictorial treatment of *It Never*

Can Happen Again, Mr. DE MORGAN'S latest trifle.

This, of course, will mean for a while a film famine, but directly that is over the audiences of London may expect to see bioscoped several recent fictional successes, including some amusing fancies of Mr. HENRY JAMES, while it is probable that many authors will in future write direct for this public, and, in the present state of literary mutiny, let the ordinary readers go.

Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, for example, is, it is alleged, already at work upon a cinematoscope romance on a film that would reach from London to West Herts and back again, entitled (to touch the sympathetic chords of the music-hall audience) *A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE O'FLYNN."

WHEN the Actor-Manager of His Majesty's finds himself with a part that suits him, more than half the battle is already won. And there can be no manner of doubt that the inconsequent character of *The O'Flynn* was admirably adapted to Sir BEERDOHM's methods. Swagging yet courageous, swashbuckler and poet, egoist and altruist, *Falstaff* and *Cyano* in one, sighs behind the laughter and laughter behind the sighs, and



ESPRIT D'ESCALIER.

The O'Flynn (Sir H. B. TREE) extemporises for the benefit of the *Lady Benedetta Mount-michael* (Miss EVELYN D'ALROY).

the right Irish humour playing over all—it was a figure (for professional purposes) after his own heart. As for the play, which, after all, is the thing, it has its good moments, as in the duel of swords, when *The O'Flynn* forbears his own advantage and swallows a bowl of punch between thrust and parry, so as to put his drunken adversary on level terms with him; or in the duel of drinks—with Burgundy this time for the medium—between the hero and *Van Dronk*. But Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY's design is rather naïve, and the dialogue and action have their thin patches, notably in Act I. and the first scene of Act III. It showed, too, a certain poverty of invention to make *The O'Flynn* masquerade twice over in other men's wigs.

My pleasantest memory is of Miss EVELYN D'ALROY. To every word and motion and mood she brought an exquisite grace and dignity. I shall not soon forget her loyal anger in defence of *Lord Sedgemouth*, who had been challenged and pinked for using her name lightly in public. "He is my lover: he may say of me what he chooses." I doubt if we have any living actress who could

have played the part of *The Lady Benedetta* with a more perfect charm and distinction.

As for Mr. HENRY AINLEY, he is incapable of poor work; but I think the audience never quite recovered from the shock of finding that he had been cast for the leading villain of the piece. If possible he should always be a hero, doing things as handsome as his face.

Mr. EDWARD SASS, as *Van Dronk*, gave an admirable study in bibulous Dutch, and Miss AURIOL LEE, in the part of a strolling comédienne, known as *Fancy Free* (though never found in strictly "maiden meditation"), did full justice to her name, and to the extreme candour of her part. I could have wished that Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, as a mournful buffoon, doomed to suffer from toothache and a necklace of sausages, had had more scope for his talent.

Perhaps the most effective figure of all was that of Mr. FAY, who, as the uncrowned Majesty of Munster, did the one real piece of Irish work in the play. As with so many of his race, there was a strain of unforced pathos under his brave show of humour.

Altogether, I have to thank everybody for a very pleasant entertainment which never taxed my intelligence beyond its simple powers. And in any case I could never have the heart to find fault with a play in which the author has shown so generous an appreciation of the merits of punch.

O. S.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

MR. COMYNS CARR's play at the Queen's Theatre is "founded on" STEVENSON's book, and provides a score of parts; if it had been "adapted from" it, then it would have been a one-man play, and we should have had an uninterrupted evening of Mr. H. B. IRVING. That is what I should have liked. We should, of course, have needed a certain number of walkerson, for *Hyde* to strangle; supers with thinking, or rather dying, parts; possibly a child or two. For the rest, Mr. IRVING—now as *Jekyll*, now as *Hyde*; soliloquising, transfiguring, murdering.

Mr. CARR, as a practised playwright, knows better than to allow this; there would be nothing dramatic about the death of an odd super; *Hyde* must have some splendid reason for killing. So *Jekyll* is provided with the usual entanglement. An old intrigue with *Lady Carew* is about to be revealed to *Sir Danvers*, the injured husband, by a discharged butler who has obtained possession of "the letters." (Yes, actually "the letters" again! Why will people write? And now they talk about a Sunday post as well!) *Lady Carew* appeals frantically (Act I.) to *Jekyll* to save her. *Jekyll* is filled

with wild and wicked thoughts about *Sir Danvers* and the butler (particularly *Sir Danvers*) . . . and behold, he has automatically changed into *Hyde*! As *Hyde*, of course he has no difficulty in putting things on a more secure basis (Act II.); strangling *Sir D.* and cutting the butler's throat.

So far Mr. COMYNS CARR. In the last two Acts STEVENSON has much more of a show. Here we do see *Hyde* hiding (I'm sorry, I can't help it) from the police in his Soho lodgings, in a fury of impatience for the arrival of the drug which will restore him to the form of *Jekyll*. Mr. IRVING was magnificent in this Act—a very devil (if devils are cowards too) as he gloated over his past orgies and trembled for his present danger. (But why such a miserable



Dr. Jekyll (Mr. H. B. IRVING). "I am ill, I am ill—I must have a complete change."

(Makes it in the next Act.)

lodging? You can do more in the orgy way, I should have thought, with luxurious surroundings.) Magnificent he was, too, in the last scene of all, where (as in the book) the spirit of *Jekyll* is finally imprisoned in the body of *Hyde*, and there is no way out but death. These two Acts were independent of Mr. CARR's "plot," and they could not help being the better for it.

Of course Mr. CARR had an impossible task; it is not his fault that STEVENSON's strange case does not go into a play. But if you will not see a great play at the Queen's you will at least be properly horrified. Mr. IRVING will make you shudder—he may even make you dream. As a contrast you will enjoy the curtain-raiser, *The Plumbers*, a music-hall sketch which cannot fail to make you laugh. Thus in one evening you can experience most of the emotions. M.

"ROWING 13 MILES AT 86."

Dr. Furnivall's Great Feat Next Sunday."

Evening News.

This is indeed wonderful. Why even in the Varsity race the crews only row 4½ miles at an average stroke of 36 or so.



Matilda Jane. "If you don't come 'ome this minute, John Philip, I'll tell muvver abaht yer gettin' yer feet wet!"

A FEBRUARY TROUT-FANCY.

Now are the days ere the crocus
Peeps in the Park,
Ere the first snowdrops invoke us,
Ere the brown lark
Hymns over headland and heather
Spring and her riot of weather,
Days when the East winds are moaning
together,
Dreary and dark!

Still, just at times comes a hint of
Softness that brings,
Spite of the season, a glint of
April's own wings:
Violets hawked on the highway,
West winds a-whoop down a byway,
Silver clouds loose on the blue of their
sky-way,
Such are the things!

Yes, though old Winter o'ertake us
Swiftly again,
These are the portents that make us
Pause by the pane—
Windows where weavers of tackle
Snare us with shows that unshackle

Dreams, as we gaze upon tinsel and
hackle,
Greenheart and cane!

Visions of bud on the swallow,
Swards in gay gown,
Glimpses of pool and of shallow,
Streams brimming down;
Wail of the wandering plover,
Flute of the thrush in the cover,
Swirl of the pounder that breaks, turn-
ing over
At your March Brown!

Hark to the reel's sudden shrill of
Line that's ripped out,
Feel the rod thrill with the thrill of
Fate still in doubt,
Till, where the shingles are showing,
Yours are the rainbow tints glowing
Crimson and gold on a lusty and know-
ing
Devonshire trout!

Such are the fancies they throw us,
Sun and soft air,
Woven at windows that show us,
Lingering there,

Not the mere flies for our buying,
Not only rods for our trying,
But—if we've eyes for it—a'l the un-
dying
Fun o' Spring Fair!

From an article in *The Clarion* "by
VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P." (Why M.P.?)

"There was little Ernest Hunter, whose
indefinable hat covered a head that must have
knocked around the world considerably before
he found it."

Title for the picture: "The Head-
Hunter."

"Various speculations have been indulged in
as to the identity of the mysterious benefactor.
One of these is that the donor of the bank-notes
is a lady."—*Daily Mail*.

After deep thought we venture to inform
our readers that, on the other hand, the
donor *might* be a gentleman.

"MR. ASQUITH'S DEMANDS.

P shrd'u mfwypay yqayayq yayaqyaqaaq 1 1 1"
Dublin Evening Mail.

With a majority of 120 he may safely
demand all that.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

J. PLUVIUS (as the sporting papers style him) has been accused of constantly popping out of his machine to ruin top-hats and test matches, and to interfere in even more important human affairs. Yet, from the classic case of Dido and Æneas, whom he drove into the fated cave, to the more modern instance of *Ralph and Phyllis*, the protagonists in *A Winter's Comedy* (LAURIE), for whom the god arranged a first meeting in a Yorkshire farmhouse, he has assisted at more love-affairs than Venus herself. J. P. and Mr. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE were so pleased with the success of their little experiment with *Ralph and Phyllis* that they agreed to repeat it in the shape of a heavy mist which cut the happy pair off from the rest of the world when they were out hunting on the moors, and forcibly convinced *Ralph* that *Phyllis* was his only joy. *Ralph* belonged to a prehistoric family that came over with Noah, and, as he had only a beggarly two thousand a year, could not afford to keep up Mount Ararat, the old family place in Yorkshire. *Phyllis* was the niece of an ex-farmer who had made his pile abroad, and bought an Elizabethan house and some of the broad acres of the same county. And the county, which has not, as a rule, much use for newcomers, called on them and took to them because, although the bluff straight-riding uncle was obviously not one of them, the niece was charming, and bore a wonderful and mysterious likeness to *Ralph's* dead mother. (For solution of this coincidence see the book itself.) On the whole the course of true love runs through Mr. SUTCLIFFE's simple but pleasant little story with exceeding smoothness. Everything, in fact, goes as right as rain.

If a man may say that he was "disappointed in the Atlantic" perhaps I may be allowed to confess that I am fed up with the great god Pan. Pan comes trotting into EDGAR JERSON's book, *No. 19* (MILLS AND BOON), and he is surrounded by all the dear old mysteries. The dead woman, the horrible smell of the goat, the cloven footsteps in the gravel, the man who has lost his reason and can only mutter, "Pan is not dead"—these are all here; yet Mr. JERSON pretends to leave his hero, *John Plowden*, absolutely mystified as to the happenings of the night. *John* cannot have read much contemporary fiction. Of course I don't mind if the hero of a novel seems to be a fool, but I object to the assumption that the reader is too; and I am annoyed when an author appears to plume himself on some quality which is entirely absent from his book. You can almost hear Mr. JERSON shuddering at the awful mysteries of his

story. "Ah," he says, with bated breath, "if only I dared tell you the horror at which I must only hint;" and all the time you are saying cheerfully to yourself, "What, poor old Pan again? Never!" *No. 19*, in fact, can be recommended to readers with a sense of humour as a pleasant and harmless little story of the blackest magic.

The range of subjects in Mrs. MANN's volume of short stories, *Bound Together* (MILLS AND BOON) is so wide that if you have a weakness of any kind she is almost certain to gratify it. Granted that you are a pre-Rafflesite and no worshipper of burglars, you can still take your choice between Sabbatarians, cats and people who "love the mystic." If you are not excited by the stupidities of a jealous wife, you may still be interested in the antics of a silly husband. To take the two best stories—*Old Billy Knock* is a simple tale, which tells of a great love of home in the heart of a labouring man; but it also reveals a nobility and a firmness of mind which those who regard

country labourers as mere pawns upon a political chess-board are apt to disregard. *The Brown Groat* contains two delightfully funny and unexpected situations, and is an excellent example of the author's humour. I return eighteen thanks to Mrs. MANN, one for each of her stories, and am glad to say that, as her book contains no acknowledgment of the courtesy of various editors, I conclude that even the most voracious readers of magazines can approach it with confidence.



TOUCHING FILIAL PIETY OF ROMULUS AS SHOWN IN HIS TREATMENT OF HIS FOSTER-MOTHER.

Some of the reports from the country districts bring the temperature down to absolute zero this morning, but up till the time of writing none of the correspondents have ventured on the minus sign. With a little more encouragement, however, this is safe to come.

ROTHESAY.—The frost here is regarded as the keenest for sixty years. The thermometer is 16 degrees below zero.

Demand and supply, from the same number of *The Glasgow Evening News*.

The Contortionist.

The Naturalist of this month calls attention to a gentleman who was "one of the founders of the Hull Geological Society, and has passed through its presidential chair!" Moreover, he has "acted in the capacity of honorary secretary to the society almost without a break!"

We can picture to ourselves a jolly evening with the H.G.S.

"His boy, not yet released from the trammels of school, can milk cows and kill a sheep at a pinch."—*Christchurch Press* (N.Z.).

There were heroes in the old days who could kill an ox at a blow; this is better. But of course it's knack rather than strength.